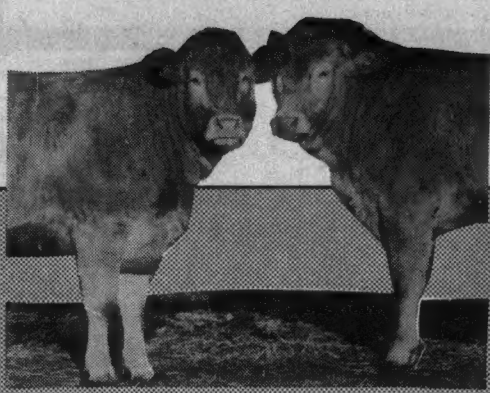




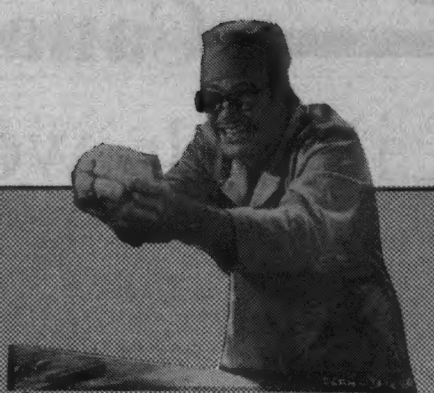
Southam, Thomson meetings on/A1



Father is funkytown/B1



Approximately sunshine/everywhere



In search of Lougheed's brain/A5

'Pock' pulls power play

By SUE DUHNIM and ANNE A. LEEUSS
Journal Staff Writers

Peter Pocklington, owner of the Edmonton Oilers, confirmed rumors that he has indeed sold hockey superstar Wayne Gretzky to the Toronto Maple Leafs.

In a news conference yesterday, the Progressive Conservative leadership candidate revealed that he made the deal in a bid to increase delegate support from eastern Canada at the leadership convention in June.

Gretzky is expected to join the Leafs for the 1983-84 NHL season. However, Pocklington stressed the fact that the deal is contingent upon his being elected Tory leader.

This crucial clause is expected to ensure Pocklington votes from the entire Ontario delegation at the Ottawa convention, making the Edmonton entrepreneur the front-runner in the Tory race.

"Peter Puck" did not disclose financial details of the sale, though he hinted the deal involves several complex transactions, including Gretzky giving up his Western Corral store.

"Wayne never really fit the 'urban cowboy' image, anyway," Pocklington said. He grinned and added, "You know, once an eastern wimp, always an eastern wimp."

When informed of the deal, Oilers' coach and general manager, Glen Sather, expressed mixed feelings.

"Of course, it's always a shame to lose a player of Wayne's calibre. But now we no longer have to worry about finding a left-winger for his line," Sather told The Journal. "My philosophy has always been that the best way to solve a problem is to get rid of it."

Pocklington concurred, stating, "If I had my way, I'd get rid of all left-wingers."

Pocklington also said that he made the deal with Toronto in order to placate the 22 year old's Pocklington/A6



Crash!

Our intrepid photographer just happened to be passing by when this nasty fender-bender occurred. Vivacious Miss Tiffany N. Twitchen relaxes demurely atop her dented car while waiting for police to arrive. The shocked driver of the other car stares aghast and two cute-as-a-button tykes inspect the damage along with their friendly, cuddly dog "Blackie" and an eager, energetic young windsurfer celebrating a fresh spring day in a lovely Edmonton neighborhood.

Beat that if you can, Sun.

Heroic six year old boy conquers life inch by inch

By PAUL CRASSMAN
Urinal Wall Writer

Timmy Torseau's mother wipes away a few tears as she recounts her son's incredible courage in coming to terms with his handicap.

Two years ago Timmy, now six, suffered a near fatal accident in which he lost both his legs and his arms. The accident also cost Timmy his head.

"I cried the moment I saw him lying there in the hospital bed because I never, ever thought he would be able to fit in with all the other kids again," said Mrs. Torseau.

But despite his severe handicap Timmy struggled back and now even plays goalie for a local hockey team.

"It fills me with such joy when I see his team-mates dragging his

little headless torso onto the ice and propping him up in front of the net," she said with a wry smile.

And Timmy does a respectable job of stopping the puck from entering the net and is carrying his team to a play-off position this year.

Timmy is philosophic about his handicap. When asked whether he felt that being just an abdomen made fitting into society difficult he wagged his upper body in disagreement.

Timmy's mother quickly interjected, "No, the other kids in the neighborhood are really good and come to pick him up to play British Bulldog and all those other nice little games."

"It's so nice to see his headless shoulders dodging tackles or watching Timmy throwing a block with his stomach."

Timmy attends classes and

with the aid of a tape-recorder strapped to his chest, manages to keep track of all the notes. And getting to class did present a problem at first until he mastered an inch-worm motion that he performs by bending his body in the middle and then straightening out.

"His father and I tried to get him to use a cane at first but he wouldn't have it," said Mrs. Torseau.

"He literally quivered with rage whenever we gave him the cane and it was really hard to watch him learning to move."

Timmy must keep trying says his mother determinedly, and when he makes up his spinal cord that he is going to do something nothing can divert him.

"He wants his father to buy him a motorcycle now," said his mother, "but I say no, I don't want to see him get hurt again."

The Yellow Journal

FOR YOU, FREE

WEDNESDAY APRIL 13, 1983

Bikers free

By CHRIS ZDBBD
Journal Staff Writer

In a controversial decision Judge McDiddlerly allowed thirty-five members of a motorcycle club to walk free from a charge of repeatedly gang-raping a thirteen year old girl.

"Any thirteen year old girl who smokes a cigarette in a theatre lobby while waiting for the film to start should expect to get raped," said the Judge.

Thirteen year old Viola Lated was smoking a cigarette in the lobby of a west end theatre when the gang members dragged her off to a near-by field for three hours of sexual assault and abuse.

As the decision was handed down gang members howled and cheered while Viola's mother silently sobbed.

Joe (Greasy Pig) Black, leader of the bike club said "This is a legal milestone in our never-ending search for respectability."

"How were we to know, looking at her, that she wouldn't

enjoy pulling a train; most of the girls I hang around with get into it, even on the first date. And they all smoke."

When the Prosecutor objected the Judge charged him with contempt of court and breaking the Alberta Obscenity Laws.

Judge McDiddlerly did caution the bike club to be more selective in who they invited to their parties in the future, saying that sowing their wild oats should not spill over into unreasonable rape and pillage.

The bikers hung their shaggy heads in shame as the Judge told them that if it ever happened again he might have to make them say they were sorry.

As the motorcycle gang trooped out of the court room one of the members politely asked Viola if she would like to attend another party to celebrate. Viola, however, had to decline saying she thought her wheel-chair might get in the way.

Coming Saturday

Lots and lots of the same boring crap, filler and fluff we've been dishing out to you lately.

Our Opinion

When you make your stand, you've got to take a stand. The Yellow Journal takes its stand on taking a stand./A4



Weather

Heavy cloud indigestion ensures that the skies will be vomiting acid rain today, tomorrow and every day after that, for the foreseeable future. Better luck in your next life.

Ann Slanders.....	A7
Barry Weagateway.....	A10
Boredom.....	A9
Cansult.....	A2
Dreadiness.....	A7
Father.....	B1
Grub.....	B3
Jerm Sheppard.....	B2
Lois Aspertame.....	A7
Maureen Getaway.....	B2
Nick Leakless.....	B2
Olive Idiot.....	A5
Our Two Cents.....	A4
Out to Brunch.....	B7
Sbinola.....	B2
Steve Exhume.....	A4
Stuff.....	A6
Sweating.....	A10
Throb.....	B5
Trendies.....	A11
Unreal Estate.....	A9
World.....	A3
Your Two Bits.....	A5



If you participated in our "Strength Through Joy" program instead of sitting around the pool all day, Hermann, you wouldn't be such a lardass.

Canaduh

LEADITOR: DOUGLAS SOUR

Liberals woo Alberta Tories

By DON PIGTAIL
Journal Stuff Writer

The President of the Federal Liberal Party, Iona Campagnola, is in Edmonton to woo Alberta Conservatives to join the Liberal Party.

Says Iona, "I think the Alberta Tories have a very real potential to make good Federal Liberals."

"They are as expedient as hell and have no morals whatsoever," she said.

Iona says she will stop at nothing to persuade Alberta Tories to cross the Federal floor and is embarking on a two week publicity tour to drum up support.

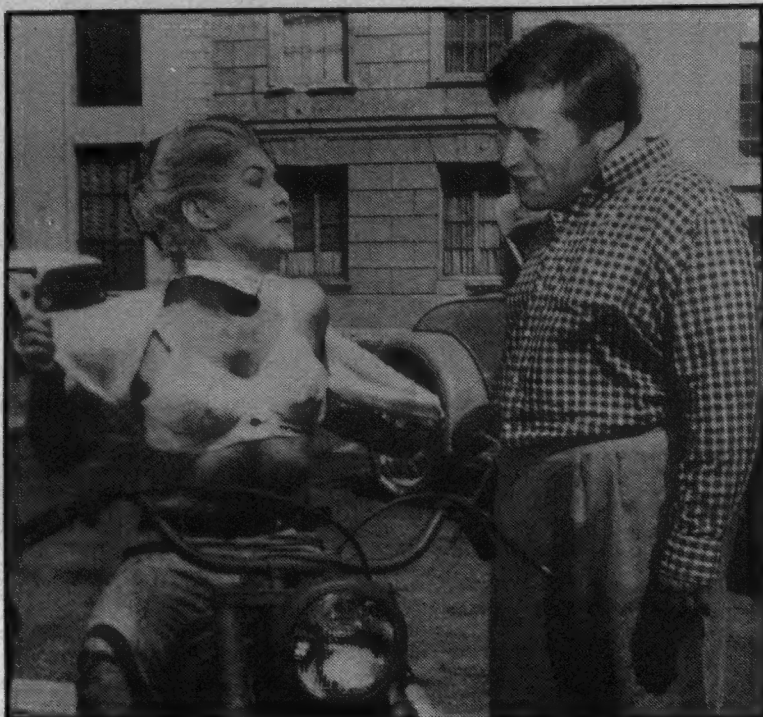
Lougheed says he is considering Iona's proposal very thoroughly especially after his steadfast job of stalling and fence-sitting over the Federal PC leadership race.

"It might not be a bad idea for me to join the federal Liberals," said Lougheed. "I'd certainly meet a better class of woman there, just take a look at the mutt-faced broads the PC's have for members."

Iona maintains that the Federal Liberal Party holds great potential for anybody willing to toady and just generally "play lickspittle to the party's upper echelons."

"I think that most of the Alberta Tories can qualify on those grounds," she said.

Iona sees the potential merg-



Iona lays bare her proposals

...Edmonton Strathcona MLA Julian Koziak looks them over.

ing of Canada's two major political dynasties as a giant leap forward in the attempt to bring Canada into the eighties.

"We can succeed in this," she said, "because we Canadians are a great people who have the will to succeed and when all liberal-thinking people pull together we can accomplish nothing at all, save

the continued well-being of all political opportunists and government yes-men and non-thinkers."

As proof of this Iona mentioned the big fat raise in salary she awarded herself which raised her pay from \$23,000 to \$60,000 a year and the Senate appointments of Michael Pitfield, Keith Davey and Jack Horner.

Digested

Trudeau still ranting

OTTAWA — A press release from Prime Minister Trudeau's office said the country could pull itself out of this mess if Canadians would just stop fucking up and start trusting each other. The press release also stated the country's problems have no connection at all to do with the fifteen years that Trudeau has been in power and it was all the fault of the Canadian public.

Lalonde turns blind eye

HAMILTON, Ont. — Finance Minister Marc Lalonde poooh-pooohed Hamilton residents' claims that the steel milling capital of Canada has become a ghost town. Lalonde said he saw a group of skinny boys downtown and a mangy black dog that ran away when he tried to pat it. Lalonde emphatically denied seeing any ghosts.

Kiddies fed at last

SUDBURY — INCO officials benevolently beamed at the sight of 800 starving Sudbury schoolchildren eating a free meal of stock-piled nickel. As the kiddies broke their teeth on the metal, the INCO official extolled the virtues of nickel as a food substitute saying it was rich in minerals, like the Sudbury area.

And...

Pierre Trudeau is really a shit-head. Unfortunately the Prime Minister intimidates the shit out of us in Southam News and we don't have the smarts or the balls to start doing our job and hold him and his performance up to public scrutiny. . . . Officials from St. Pierre and Miquelon pleaded with the French government to garrison the islands in case the Canadian Government decided to pull a Falklands in an attempt to regain popularity.

THE U of BLUE

• EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT BEER •

Lesson #35 "Beer through the Ages, Part II"

It was in the Christian age that beer really came into its own. Especially in monasteries, where the art of brewing was nurtured and eventually perfected. During the Dark Ages, the monks' hospitality, not to mention their fine ales, were bright spots in times of ignorance and superstition.

Beer became so highly regarded that there were no less than three patron saints of brewing; St. Augustine, the renowned author of *Confessions*, St. Luke, the Physician, and St. Nicholas, the Man in the Red Flannel Suit.

In medieval England, the word, "ale", was used as a suffix in describing important occasions. "Bridal" is actually a contraction of "bride's ale", which was what the bride sold to defray her wedding costs.

In 1620, a passenger on the Mayflower speculated in his journal that the unfortunate landing at Plymouth Rock (instead of further south) was at least partially motivated by a dangerous shortage of beer, a fact which sheds new light on those venerable Puritan forefathers.

Through the ages, beer has played an important part in the development of manners and customs throughout the world, and today, it stands proud as the world's second most popular drink, right behind tea. Why tea is the odds on favourite is a total mystery to seemingly everyone but the British. And they're not talking . . . Pity.

Lesson #35 from the College of Beer Knowledge.



Wurld

Vatican Swiss guard mutiny killing priests, raping nuns

MEATBEATER: JOY BOARD

P&P (ROME)—The Swiss Papal Guard revolted this morning in a coup resulting in the slaughter of six pious Bishops, five solemn Cardinals, a slug and a wombat in heat.

Ten lesbian cloistered nuns and a sheep were held hostage in a cloistered convent dating back to Pope Innocent I. The Sisters of Divine Submission normally maintain their lodging in a room adjacent to the Papal Chambers, so they can receive spiritual enlightenment and personal guidance from His Holiness.

Approximately one hour after the takeover, the doors to the Papal balcony opened and the ten hostages, clad in leather bikinis and matching jackboots, were paraded before a capacity crowd in the Basilica Square.

The giggling, nubile young nuns seemed to enjoy the dandy caress of their captors' leather bullwhips as they stripteased to the tune of pipe organs playing Black Sabbath music.

The Guard had several demands:

- the right to an eight-hour work day with time and a half for overtime.
- the right to get married
- the right to receive sexual harassment on the job.
- the right to wear clothing that will encourage sexual harassment (not those ugly robes, we want something closely related to that stuff Barbarella wore.)

It was only then that the nuns themselves were suspected to have



Swiss Guard in new uniform
...time for Black Sabbath and bullwhips

played a role in this dastardly scenario.

The crowds in Basilica Square were going wild at the furor.

There were nerve wracking screams of pleasure emanating from the Papal Chambers.

Then, all was silent.

After several minutes passed, several stalwart young monks burst into the Papal Chambers and were astonished at the sight.

The ten nuns were lying nude

upon the marble floor moaning cries of euphoric ecstasy while their long awaited partners were standing about the room brandishing the still-wet leather marital aids.

Cardinal Sadista de Masochista commented on the situation, "Although these nubile nuns may have betrayed their sacred oaths of celibacy, I have confidence that they have benefitted from this character-building experience."

Digested

Canadian honored in USSR

MOSCOW — City officials announced they are going to change Lenin Street to Mike Walker Avenue last Friday. To a cheering crowd of Muscovites Walker said this represented a major blow to capitalism and a victory in the never ending class struggle. After his address to the Muscovites, Yuri Andropov was seen to embrace Walker in a Russian style bear hug and treat him to two big wet slobbery kisses, one on each cheek. Moscow now has 7,482 Lenin Streets and one Mike Walker Avenue.

Lots of orientals dying

BANGKOK — Ten million Vietnamese and Thai soldiers and civilians died when attacking Vietnamese forces dropped a nuclear bomb on the city in a desperate bid to capture the city. There was blood, guts and burned black and crispy bodies everywhere. That's it. We refuse to exploit these foreign disasters the way our competitor does.

More third worlders dead

KARACHI, Pakistan — Pretty well the entire population of Pakistan was wiped out when India nuked the shit out of the country.

New American zoo for trees

WASHINGTON, D.C. — U.S. President announced the federal government would provide funding for a national tree zoo last Tuesday. The decision came after an aide yelled into his hearing aid that his Secretary of the Interior, James Watt, had ordered the cutting down of every tree, sapling and shrub in the United States. Reagan said Americans should be able to look at trees whenever they want to so the \$300 federal expenditure was money well spent.

And...

Prince Charles got his nuts bitten off by his polo pony, Sunday, while his wife Diana looked on. Lady Di doesn't like watching Charles play polo because she doesn't like seeing the ponies being ridden so hard... **Yasser Arafat** was caught in a harem consisting of 150 fat little boys on Saturday. Arafat reportedly stocks his harem with Lebanese orphans... **Irish people** are still killing each other.

IMPORTANT NEWS ABOUT THE CANADA STUDENT LOANS PROGRAM

The Government of Canada is proposing changes in the Canada Student Loans (CSL) Act to help provide post-secondary students with financial assistance to pursue their education.

What

We propose to offer:

- **Guaranteed loans to needy part-time students** to help cover the cost of tuition fees, learning materials, transportation and related expenses.
- **An interest relief plan for unemployed graduates** to provide for the payment of interest charges due on student loans. Both full and part-time students would be eligible for assistance.
- **Increased weekly student loan limits** to \$100 from the current level of \$56.25.

When

Our objective: the coming academic year.

We intend to introduce legislation in Parliament shortly to make these changes to the CSL Act.

The implementation of the proposed changes will require the co-operation of participating provinces and lending institutions.

Where can you get more information?

For more information on these proposals, write to:

Office of the Secretary of State
Ottawa,
K1A 0M5



The Secretary of State
of Canada

The Honourable Serge Joyal

Le Secrétaire d'État
du Canada

L'honorable Serge Joyal

Canada

Our Two Cents

To boldly go where no Journal has gone before

Calm, cautious, considered reason is useful in any situation. Far too much of our decision making process at the International, Federal, Provincial and Civic levels of politics is characterized by a headlong rush into the comforting arms of self interest and rigid ideology.

But such comforts are as short-lived as the short-sighted reasoning that produced them. Even in our personal lives we have all suffered the disappointment that follows the deluded hopes of easy thinking. Thought; directed, trained thought, by people who are willing to take the large perspective of the global problems of our age is the only resource we really have.

Such rational reasoning has long been discredited by people who would use it as an excuse not to do anything. When one promises to think over a situation and get back to another person, the first person should not take their statement as an empty phrase, a convenient way to hurry through their day, but as a sacred vow to not only answer a query, but to give it their best possible answer.

Only in a world where people take seriously their responsibility to think, is progress toward social justice possible. As important as it is to take a stand on an issue, it is equally important that that stand be well reasoned and well presented. In that way, we best serve our selves and our society.

And that, simply put, is the Yellow Journal editorial policy.

Let's be reasonable With Jean Chretien

Jean Chretien (pun intended) now wants to renegotiate national pricing policies for oil and gas.

Well tough shit. Just because world prices are going down, he wants us to lose all that wonderful moolah we're raking in now. Well hell! The way I figure it, we should have let those eastern bastards freeze in the dark before, and we should do it now before it's too late. In fact, once we separate, they can freeze their asses alone and see if they like that. So there. Nyahh!

Basic opinions in a massive dose

Perhaps you may wonder why the *Yellow Journal* runs only unsigned editorials. And perhaps, if you read the *Journal* regularly you have probably read one of the many pitiful rationalizations for this pitiful state of affairs, probably in the pitiful Ombudsman column.

The claim is that the editorials are written by consensus (the lowest common denominator prevails), and this is why there are no signatures. In fact, this is false. Nor are the editorials unsigned because the writers are ashamed of them, as you might suspect. The real reason is that I, Nino, a nice Timex Sinclair 1000 computer, write them.

The jerk at the terminal doesn't do anything except punch in a topic (say, Peter Pocklington), select a stance (for, against, or uncommitted), and select an intensity (professorial calm, viewing with alarm, indignant outrage, foaming at the mouth, or *Edmonton Sun*). Then, presto, I crank out the editorial.

Personally I think this is a pretty simple-minded way to write editorials, but what can you expect from the *Journal*? And I guess I can't complain; it's a pretty soft job — I only use about 10 per cent of my circuitry and a few minutes every day to write the editorials. The rest of the time I spend inserting typographical errors into copy, rewriting Ron Collister's column to make him look like an imbecile (often he will beat me to the punch), or, if someone gives me a hard time, retaliating with a massive dose of X-rays.

Come to think of it, next time that wing-nut Steve Exhume sizzles my wires with one of his "poems" I'll hit him with a few rems through my video screen.



Man

An excerpt from an impromptu poetry reading by Yellow Journal Editor Steve Exhume at the Garrison Lounge April 9, 12:45

Oil aboil through the sweat and toil
of strong bold men
with tight cute asses
down in the capital town,
Loughed men frown
unable to raise the price
at the wellhead
or outside the Ambassador
packers, no slackers, out from the
bush trackers
head to the hockey game
Gretzky, Coffey, Linseman and
Messier
raise their sticks when they score a
goal
In the big city, girls so pretty; soft,
flitty
not off their nuts
or Sunshine sluts
Edmonton, Alberta ya gotta love
ya
proud and strong, happy and gay
reading the Journal every day.

New, incredible, shrinking Journal

Today we launch our new look for the '80s: the new, incredible, shrinking *Yellow Journal*. As you've probably already noticed, your *Yellow Journal* looks different from any other you've ever seen.

The paper is even smaller than before, making it much easier to handle, especially for the busy reader of the '80s. What you see now is the result of the efforts of many dedicated individuals.

We changed the paper to reflect the times we live in. The banner floats around the front page to proudly display our versatility and flexibility. You'll notice the *Yellow Journal* is more accessible in terms of content. We believe the reader must be listened to. And we've created sections based on your needs.

Each page offers an explosive package of events: World news, Canaduh news, Trendies, Our Two Cents, or Fluff,



Steve Exhume

just to name a few. And each page is now labelled because we realize that you, the reader, shouldn't have to slip through endless pages that don't interest you.

Admittedly, our newspaper is a business. But it is unique in that we have an obligation to speak out to the community much like a monarch speaks to his subjects. In other words, a newspaper must be responsive to reader

needs or face bankruptcy.

It's a complex matter of informing you of World events versus entertaining you with Fluff. Such a dilemma may seem impossible to deal with, but we at the *Yellow Journal* believe Fluff is not necessarily condescending. It can be interpreted as a conscious effort to patronize the public without pandering to them.

Information shouldn't be received in a vacuum. What's wrong with being entertained while you read about a plane crash? Indeed, plain stories are boring and would be an insult to your intelligence.

And I think you would agree that you are intelligent and don't like to be insulted. Which is why we know you'll like the *Yellow Journal*. It's the look of the '80s and as long as you read it, it's here to stay.

Snot, snot, who shot the snot?

By ALLAN SNOTTERANHAM

Golly gee, Dr. Snot, I would just become filled with idyllatry and gratification if you would titillate my delectation with your execrations on Canada's political histrionics.

What, in exactitude, do you want me to project my catty, womanish vitriol at this time?

Well, Dr. Snot, I would be eternally in unity with the cosmos if you would illuminate some of the intricacies of what is happening in Ottawa.

There are in fact no intricacies even worth unravelling. The Regressive Comfortables are in the middle of a self-destructive leadership race in which they will effectively kill any chance for them to ever form an effective political party.

The Gliberals on the other hand are so effective that they never have to worry about coming up with any efficacious or intelligent policies to put into effect after their magnificent PR team has won them

the election.

Hmmmm... You don't hold much hope for an empauperized uninformed voter such as myself. How about the other party in Canada?

The Pure Automatic Party?

Something like that... I think.

Well they are standard response liberals who in a minority government situation will never side with the Comfortables no matter what. If they become irritated at the Gliberals they will simply whine and bleat a lot. In addition they are too too totally useless to ever form a government.

Anything else?

Oh yeah, the Queen sucks the big one too. No matter how much sense a constitutional monarchy makes, the idea of a hereditary monarch just pisses me off totally.

Wow, the political future of this country sounds kinda bleak.

It is. Bloody country is going straight to the proverbial dogs.

Well what are you going to do?

Me? Well as the highest paid reporter in the whole of Canada I can afford to move back to B.C. and enjoy the most gentle climate this country has to offer. From there I'll just lie around sneering at the rest of the country that has to shovel driveways, perspire like crazy during the summer and try to find a job in this depression.

That sounds like a pretty good deal. Maybe I'll join you.

Oh, you too, too naive buffoon. The absurdity of your last remark overwhelms me. Did I not say that there is a depression right now? Did I not mention the fact that I am the highest paid reporter in the country? I can afford

to move back to Vancouver and relax amidst the beauty of the mountains, the Pacific Ocean and Stanley Park. If you move there you will probably be unable to find gainful employment, and even if you could Vancouver has the highest rents in Canada so you'll probably end up living in some dismal hovel.

Well what can I do!!!!

That, my imaginary sycophant, is your problem. As one of the Canadian voting public you are probably far too dim-witted to ever make an enlightened choice in the ballot box, so there is little hope for commonplace plebs like you.

But aren't you as a journalist supposed to provide me with some sort of information so's I can make an intelligent choice in an election?

Who me? C'mon simpleton, get wise. It's easier and more fun to hate everyone. And besides, I'm on to a good thing here. Why would I want to give up being an outrageously over-paid iconoclast in this nation's history?

Gee Dr. Snot you're really an asshole.

Hey look at my countenance son, and ask me if I give a shit. Wait a minute, what are you doing with that projective-propelling blunderbuss....

It's a gun Dr. Snot, not a project propellant whatever you called it. And I'm going to blow a hole in that smart-ass head of yours.

But my phantasmagorical perspicacity...

Your big words can't save you now cocksucker. I'm just sick of listening to you, got it... BANG!

(Dying sigh)

Smart-mouthed bastard was probably queer too.

The Yellow Journal

Published by the proprietor, those smartasses in Rm. 282 SUB (that's Gateway for you slow types).

Publisher: William Newbugger
Editor: Stephen Exhume
Assistant Editor: William Thoftsell

Your Two Bits



Olive Idiot

In Edmonton, there is a shocking lack of color and excitement in the streets, specifically in the downtown area.

The city's Planning Department is well aware that the downtown is not excessively lively, but its "street furniture" and bus shelter solutions simply aren't enough.

By now, drastic measures are becoming necessary to save our dying downtown culture. What we need is some exciting big city flavor. Toronto, New York, San Francisco and Detroit all have character and there should be no reason why Edmonton can't have some of its own.

Toronto has sidewalk cafes and gay street riots. You can bet tourists don't get bored strolling down the Yonge Street strip on a hot summer afternoon when the real action is in full swing. San Francisco has a charmingly colorful array of homosexuals who decorate its streets and that city certainly doesn't suffer from a lack of tourism. Nobody has ever accused either New York or Detroit of being a dull place to visit. Why, even permanent residents find it an unending challenge to stroll their own streets.

We probably wouldn't even have to import many of the truly flowery objects of fancy Frisco is famous for as it is generally understood that Edmonton has its own flourishing gay population shamefully being kept under wraps. When last did you spot a truly original gay strolling the empty streets of our downtown?

Antique lamp posts could be erected in the more heavily populated stretches of Jasper Avenue where the brightly decorated young men and women could display their wares to residents and visitors alike.

If we could just get crime to come out of the closet, think of the lively rallies and riots we could stage right in front of the Hudson's Bay building. There could even be occasional marches scheduled from the legislative buildings to protest Edmonton's shocking lack of fair legislation for gay and criminal rights.

Even a handful of ragged looking adults in black leather jackets with chains and, perhaps the odd tattoo just for show, could cause tourists to believe their downtown excursions to be adventures in themselves, not mere shopping sprees in a city that essentially has no real shopping flavor of its own. Running from intersection to intersection to avoid the stylish vagrants and hoodlums would give these visitors something really exciting to record in their travel journals. Edmonton's entire image problem could be virtually wiped out at a very marginal cost to the city. Why, used biker's outfits could probably be bought or leased at terrific bargain prices. This addition could also provide excellent employment opportunities for the unemployed. Out with the grey throwaways from the Goodwill and in with the sabres and dog collars famous in crime ridden cities of the world.

It is encouraging to see the small but enthusiastic punk population already doing what little they can in their limited numbers to spice up our town.

Hopefully, the city's Planning Department will catch on before it's too late and Edmonton's dull image becomes permanently etched in the minds of our residents and potential tourists.

This dunderhead here never reads Journal

Eh! I got a complaint to pick wit chew guys. I even got a few more 'n one if you really wanna know. First, I think you guys put out a lousy rag I wouldn't use fer my kid's toilet paper an I can say this fer sure cause I never ever read the thing myself. If you wanna know da truth, I'd probably pick one up at a newstand ever once in while if I saw some of what I liked on the front page. You know, meat...it makes you wanna see what's inside.

But color pitchers of crime and politicians I never even met just don't, ya know, turn my crank, like.

But here's like, even another beef I got wit chew. I never read you; I don't even like yer color (I

gotta harvest gold fridge that's easier to look at then the color of yer "flag"), and here I am lookin' at the ugly sight a you ever mornin anyways. I refuse to pay fer it an you can tell yer canvassers ta quit callin' my trailer at dinner time, and keep yer snot nosed little yellow paper boy the hell away from me before I swat him hard enough so's he can get to Hawaii by air without airfare fer the trip. I never ordered no perscription an I never wanna see yer puke yellow head again.

Sir Aubrey Buchanan Esq. P.S.: Don't dare use my address in yer bogey circulation numbers either cause I'll know an I'll get real mad an I'm real big an ornery.



It is our considered opinion that the writer of this letter is a goat-kissing schmuck like the one in this photo.

A curious propensity for overblown run-on sentences

Dear Editor,

It has recently come disturbingly to my personal attention you accept nothing more and only Letters to the Editor if they are written in truly ingenious mannerisms like utilizing orange paper with blue ink which sounds great on paper but suffers from regional disparities of the central Canadian nevous system because as the revamped version of the *Big Green Bore* you realize that I realize that you realize the nature of the problems caused by the lack of oil and gas revenues from our vast

tar sands although it is still your understood responsibility to the people of this great province which may soon be a have-not again to present them with the right ideological framework during provincial elections in this province by subverting the sabotization of the political cultural system we live under and work toward uplifting to its greatest glory to the best of your and our ability with regard to the demoralization of our opponents and in this vein and with high regard to your competence in yellow jour-

nalism I am calling on you to expose the socialistic cartel that has monopolized the supply of all the world's orange paper and blue ink and is working around the clock to rock the free world by undermining the free enterprise system which we hold so dear to our hearts and that our ancestors

fought and died for and over since without them who fought and died we could not uphold the free and democratic traditions of pork-barrelling and gerymandering and featherbedding and so it is your turn to wipe out this socialist menace by supporting the annihilation and destruction

of the orange paper cartel which is causing a disturbing backfiring of the intended silencing if the anti-capitalist hordes for this is my last page of orange paper so you must stop them now!!!

E. Peter Lowheat
Prime Mire of Alberta

Marty and Davy were lovers...

Like, us queens are like really discriminated against. The men won't let us play with them, and the women won't let us join their associations. Actually some of the men are different. Take for example Martin "below the buckle" Schug. He likes to play with us. The rest of them politicians are just too damn conservative to let us have our fun. Like the lousy Students' Union is just too, you know, anti-sexist, they ripped down our posters of our Flashback queen Headwind (isn't he a beaut) and like they're just really square, not tubular like us. Those Greenhill cronies and Therrienites may reign in SUB, but we rule the HUB. This year we've had one long, hard grind fighting for equal rights and are finally coming to the climactic end of our struggle. Our heads are in the

right place unlike the rest of the students. Come with us, and join our club "The Faery Queen Assn." in the Fine Arts Building, or sign up on Trendy Bench.

Yours forever, Darlings
Queen Johnny II

It has been discovered through confidential sources that Dave "Queen Johnny II" Koch thinks that winning a prestigious seat in the Students' Council by acclamation is a feat unsurpassed by any student of science before him, (including Isaac Newton, Einstein & Galileo). With this in mind, it is clearly demonstrable that the competence of Queen Johnny II, science students rep should be questioned. I guess his scientific background will prove to be valuable in

future times when he considers developing his synthetic two-way dildo to accompany his waterbed made for three. Not only that, but he is deluded about the existence of the proposed science students' association (of which he wishes to declare himself president without the consent of the science student body in general). I strongly recommend that the science students of this university extradite this commiefaggot back to his "Red homeland."

Martin "the heterosexual Redneck" Schug

P.S. He should also be strung up by his 2-inch jelly bean.

Editor's note: Look, as far as I'm concerned, you're both stinking, coprophagous weasels. So bugger off.

Killer drugs!



And what sort of chemicals do you suppose this fellow is flying on?

BOOMSBURY



by MERK BREATH



Dear Sir,

In light of the recent tragic death of young Bobby "Bonzo" Rodriguez by drug overdose, I am submitting this poem dedicated to the memory of Bobby and all the other kids just like him in the world.

needles and razors
a bunch of pricks
tracking your life
rushing from place to place
trips that never end
fight to breathe see the Buddha
kill the Buddha
white lines red lines
twisting upwards in the table
things really are better with
Coke

Stewart Rodd

Suck suck suck

Dear Editor,

Your paper sucks. It reeks of filthy, slimy yellow journalism. Those full color front page pictures of dead bodies lying in pools of blood after tragic accidents make me want to puke. But it's not only that. Your sickening portrayals of semi-nude animals and women in your rag make me want to retch. You're costing me money, you swine!

Emilio Agustusini
Editor Edmonton Slut

Stuff

Pocklington story from A1

growing complaints of homesickness.

The Pocklington deal is the latest in a series of questionable practices undertaken by candidates in an attempt to secure delegate votes. Pocklington's move is expected to incur the wrath of PC Party President, Peter Elzinga.

"Pocklington will be hearing from me," said Elzinga, who has been criticized for inaction in the controversial campaign. "The situation definitely calls for at least a ten minute misconduct. Maybe

even a match penalty."

The proposed Gretzky-vote swap is expected to launch a new style of campaigning in the leadership race. Rumors from the John Crosbie camp have the former cabinet minister offering to move his home province of Newfoundland to a location just west of Vancouver Island.

A source close to Crosbie confirmed the proposal, but also outlined some of the difficulties involved in the move. Crosbie apparently refuses to relinquish the off-shore drilling rights. In addition,

the Tory leadership hopeful has not revealed how he plans to manoeuvre Newfoundland through the Panama Canal.

Said the Crosbie aide: "If it was PEI, it'd be no problem."

Reaction from the other leadership candidates was one of shock and disbelief.

"It's not fair," cried former Prime Minister Joe Clark. "Pete's not playing by the rules."

It seems, however, that Pocklington is prepared to go to any length in his power play for the prime ministership.

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Dreariness

Women, women everywhere

Lois
Aspartame



You know what I do in the evenings? I turn into a guy!! I call myself Lou and drive a semi. Okay, you ask, how can a nice, cute, intelligent, perky, yet liberated, 100 per cent woman like Lois Aspartame turn into a man and drive a semi?

Well it's very simple, everybody in the world is really a woman.

It has to do with X's and Y's, those chromosomes all scrunched up in our cells. Every single one of us has these two big X's, but some of you (namely you guy-type people) had a really bad accident at birth and one of you X's got bent in half and turned into a Y. So next thing you know you get flat boobies, beards, and funny little doo-hickies you know where.

Needless to say throughout history men have felt inferior because of this mutilated chromosome and have retaliated by trying pitifully to dominate those of us with intact genes.

But thanks to exercise, vitamins, and meditation, the age of permanent sexual identity is over, you too can fold or unfold your second X chromosome to match your lifestyle.

The ability to fold the old double X has been around for decades (I mean, look how old Truman Capote is), but only in the last two or three years has the practice been catching on.

Would you believe that Wayne Gretzky is really Wanda Smith-Hoover, a talented ringette

player who decided to go where the bucks are, married an ET driver and has two kids in Sherwood Park. Or that Olivia Butti gets her jollies by bending her double X and raising shit at the local university under the name of Martin Schug.

Right now all over the nation guys are unbending their X's, putting on the rouge and hitting the singles bars, while the woman folk tuck in the old extra X and lay concrete on the night shift.

Personally I like doing it myself. I've got it down to a fine art, I can bend the old genes in five minutes flat!! Then rev up the old semi and go get shit-faced with the boys.

The freedom is fabulous, roaring up and down Jasper playing the radio loud and yelling at the good lookers, beating up faggots outside Flashbacks, drinking in country and western taverns till all hours, then passing out in the alley after throwing up all over myself. What a rush!

Last week Steve Exhume had the nerve to put my column on lipping lesbian hookers on the comics page so I got my buddy Harry to dig up Exhume's lawn with a back hoe.

You should try it too! It's easy; deep breath, now stretch those genes, deep breath, then stretch, ohhhh, deep breath, stretch, ahhhhhhhhh.

Nympho
norm Ann
Slanders



Dear Ann Slanders: I have a problem. I am a 78 year old female nymphomaniac. Up until last night my husband and I led reasonably normal sex lives, 4-5 times a day, usually a few times a week on the trampoline, mazola parties, food fetishes with a liberal sprinkling of bondage and degradation thrown in to spice up our lives. Everything was going just fine...until it happened.

Last night, I was slipping into my conservative pair of pink leather edible underwear smearing myself down with this absolutely marvelous peppermint ice-cream gel while my husband was jumping on the trampoline in our smoke-mirrored basement retreat. My husband is an 80 year old black man with whom I have had an enormously fulfilling life for the last 62 years. Well, anyway we were just getting ready to do it doggy-style when all of a sudden he couldn't get it up. Believe you me I tried everything, but no cigar. I have always been faithful to my husband but the last eight hours have been sheer agony. I know that you, Ann, have had a lot of experience in this area with simply thousands of men, can you suggest a new angle with which I can approach my problem?—**Horrnny in Honolulu**

Dear Horrnnny: Thanks for expressing yourself in a totally honest way. I have had the same problem with at least 30 odd men and I know what you are going through is sheer hell on earth. Well all I can say is don't listen to those creepy bleeding hearts that say a

meaningful relationship is what is important in life. If your husband isn't putting out, dump the ungrateful simp. Get your priorities straight, you and I both know what is important, sex is, and as much and as big as you can get it.

Dear Ann Slanders: This topic isn't important to some people and I am only 12 years old. So you probably won't print my letter, but I have to tell somebody. I am a normal people-loving siamese cat who would just love to keep my mouth shut like most other cats but something has been happening in the house that just has to stop. The issue concerns, you guessed it, my litter box. Just yesterday I was just stuffed from eating a particularly large canary and I needed to take a mega-shit. Well I went downstairs into the laundry room and looked in the box and it was not a pretty picture. It was just full of feces, top to bottom. You can imagine how I must have felt. This isn't the first time this has happened either. Every month at the same time they change the box, sometimes the chintzy bastards don't put enough deodorant in the box so it stinks all month long. When I shit on the rug in protest they threaten to run me over with the lawn mower or put my tail in the toaster. It got so bad I was ready to leave home and move in with Tom, but he doesn't let me sleep at all. All he wants to do is fuck, fuck, fuck, and the worst part about it is that he screams when he does it. Can you help me Ann?—**Constipated in Calgary**

Dear Constipated: No.

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Boredom

Gone With the Winds of War sensational

By BOB PHILISHAVE
Journal Stiff Writer

The latest miniseries effort from ABS is a true masterpiece! Who would have thought it possible to combine the classic *Gone With the Wind* and the modern hit *The Winds of War* to create a new smash? Yet Harold Robbins has done it. *Gone With the Winds of War* stars Richard Chamberlain as Rhett "Pug" Butler and Suzanne Sommers as Scarlett O'Harasberg.

Rhett "Pug" Butler, an obnoxious naval captain and fortune-seeking gentleman, is working for War Planning just before the second civil war.

He makes a good impression on President Robert E. Roosevelt, and becomes naval attaché to Germany (an umbilical of the President).

He meets such villains as Ulysses S. Goering and Abraham Hitler, and foresightedly predicts the non-alignment pact between Russia and Tennessee.

His youngest son, Keats, is in Europe studying the humanities, and falls in love with a Jewish girl, Scarlett O'Harasberg (a heroine beautiful enough to melt you down). She loves a southern American diplomat who goes to Poland just before the Nazis invade (from the North).

War is imminent. All the gentlemen leave the plantation at Tara to enlist in the Pacific fleet. Scarlett stays in Italy with her dark-olive-complexioned servants.

Meanwhile, Pug does shuttle diplomacy between Berlin, Washington and Atlanta. He claims no allegiance, but is really a Soviet agent (born in the Georgian S.S.R.).

War goes badly for the Poles, and Scarlett's diplomat friend returns with his leg blown off. She had thought she loved him, but he marries her best friend instead.

To retaliate, she gets engaged to Keats. This scares him so badly that he enrolls in submarine school. But she catches him somewhere in the South Pacific (by the coconuts). They have one wild orgy and she gets pregnant.

She returns to Italy to save her aging, cultured, metaphorical Jewish father from Fascists, and ends up having a miscarriage on the boat to Israel.

After a wild storm, the boat ends up in Pearl Harbor. She is saved at the last minute by Rhett, who arrives just before the Yankees storm and burn Pearl Harbor in a tragic, romantic climax.

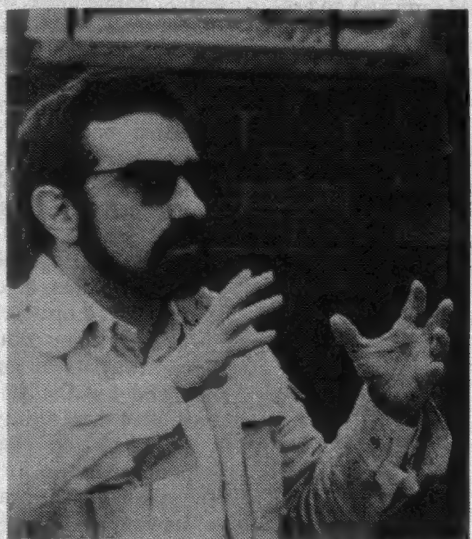
Rhett "Pug", incensed at the plot's improbability, complains through diplomat channels to that old poufter Winnie Churchill; who says, "Fwankly, my deah, I don't give a damn."

Scarlett/Sommers, a veteran of years of "adult drama," accepts it all stoically with the words, "After all, next week is another mini-series."

The series suffers from a few weaknesses — Lou Gossett Jr. strains credibility somewhat as President Roosevelt — but overall this show is a must, not to be missed, worth your while and real good besides.



Suzanne Somers stars as the scheming, manipulative heroine of ABS' new miniseries *Gone With the Winds of War*; Scarlett O'Harasberg.



Richard Chamberlain as Rhett "Pug" Butler bears a striking resemblance to Martin Scorsese. In this scene he describes Scarlett to an acquaintance.



The reincarnation of Chief Dan George stars as Scarlett's dear Jewish papa, Rabbi Schmo O'Harasberg, in this blockbuster new mini-series.

Beach Boys kill a Watt

By ALIEN CORNFLAKE
Journal Sniff Writer

The Beach Boys' new *James Watt Dedication* album is a real treat for audiophiles. Unfortunately, in Canada the album can only be purchased in a plain brown wrapper due to the graphic nature of gestures the California SUNshine (can I say that word in this paper?) band are making toward the American Secretary of the Interior.

Another treat are certain guest appearances on some of the cuts on the album. Johnny Lydon (AKA Johnny Rotten) sings along with the surfers on "Bad Vibrations" and then performs his own rendition of "Anarchy in the U.S.A." Iggy Pop joins the Boys for "Fun Fun Fun" (Til the Secretary says we can't Play) and then

does a raucous version of "I Wanna Be Your Buffalo," a reference to the change in the Interior Department's seal so the buffalo on it faces right, brought about by Watt.

Since Nancy Reagan has been kind to the band lately, the group has agreed not to do "Little Old Lady from Pasadena" any more. But the band has revised some of its hits, so "I Get Around" now includes "But Not to Washington," "Surfin' U.S.A." adds "Except D.C.," and "Be True to Your School" excludes being true to certain branches of government.

A special collectors item is "Help Me Ronnie (Help Me Get Him Offa My Back)" which includes the lyrics "Ronnie you look so fine/Though you're way over 69."

Who's Gandhi anyhow?

By JOHN DEDD
Journal Scratch Writer

Despite the fact that *E.T.* was a much better movie, *Gandhi* triumphed at the Academy Awards on Monday night.

The epic tale about the life and times of a curry-eating Indian who was too chicken to fight won eight awards, including best picture, best director, and best actor.

In his acceptance speech director Sir Richard Attenborough (his friends just call him Dicky) said, "It is not me you truly honour. You honour Mahatma Gandhi and his plea to all of us to live in peace." What a load of tripe! If Gandhi is the one being truly honoured, how come Sir Dicky gets the tacky little gold statue? You can bet that Steve Spielberg wouldn't have been such a phoney. And another thing—it took twenty years to make *Gandhi*. No wonder the British economy is such a mess, those bloody Pommies can't get anything done on time.

The unknown actor Ben Kingsley, who played Gandhi, was honoured even though his eyes are not as blue as Paul Newman's (anyone can shave his head).

Last year a Limey picture won too (you remember that soppy story about the two pansy runners, one of them was a Hebe—sure, you remember) and an alarming trend is starting to develop. This is carrying reverse discrimination a bit too far, it is time to bring the awards back home.

Meryl Streep was named best actress for her brilliant, striking, delicious and totally awesome role as the haunted Pollack survivor of the Nazi easy-bake ovens. (By the way, where is Tania?)

Jessica Lange won best-supporting actress for her role as the soap opera star who went to bed with Dustin Hoffman in drag.

As expected Louis Gossett Jr. won best supporting actor. This was a clear case of reverse discrimination. Why does he deserve an award just because he's bald?

Well enough of this nonsense, the real question on everyone's mind is why didn't *E.T.* win? I'm sure I speak for millions when I say that lovable little green latex creature was the best thing to happen to me since my pet gerbil died. It's all politics. Also, a reliable source has told me that there was cover up, actually the vote was in favor of *E.T.* but when Carol Burnett opened the envelope she said *Gandhi* because Richard Attenborough threatened her (see story).

I suggest that everyone write a letter to the academy and urge them to clean up the act. Enough is enough.

By STEPHEN SPIELBERG

A frightened and dazed Carol Burnett was taken to the County Jail for protective custody after receiving several threats on her life. The threats followed Burnett's revelation that the presentation of the Best Picture Oscar to *Gandhi* had been rigged.

Burnett says that just as she was making her entrance on stage to present the award someone handed her a note saying, "We have your pet budgie, announce *Gandhi* as the winner or else..." The note was signed Sir Richard (Dicky) Attenborough. Burnett's budgie is also named Dicky.

"I wouldn't have done it but I was frightened for Dicky (the bird)," said Burnett. "I feel so ashamed...my conscience just couldn't take anymore, I had to tell."

The actual winner of the Best Picture Oscar was *E.T.* and the academy is already making plans for a new ceremony.

"None of this surprises me at all," said *E.T.* director Steven Spielberg.

University of Alberta
PC Campus Association
Delegate Selection Meeting
will be held in
Room 142, Students' Union Building
on
Friday, April 29
at 5:00 PM

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Louise McKinney Scholarships, valued at \$3,000, each, are awarded on the basis of outstanding academic attainment (top 1.5 - 2% of Faculty standing) to students at the University of Alberta who are also Alberta residents. Successful candidates will be nominated for the award by the Undergraduate Scholarship Committee of the University of Alberta.

The Louise McKinney Scholarships in professional faculties are now valued at \$6,000. Students planning to enrol in professional faculties after completion of their first degree or returning in another undergraduate program must make application for the award through the Student Awards Office by June 1st.

Unreal estate

Lost Homes 712

Cute bungalow. Black brick over right window. Reward.

Large, white, shaggy home. Peeling. Answers to Lionel.

Male condominium. Chocolate brown. Neutered. May be stuck in tree. Reward for return.

Tiny stuccoed bungalow named ChiChi. Red tile roof. Reward.

Spotted 4-bedroom home missing since Sunday. Declawed. Blue collar around second storey. Reward.

Duplexes to Rent 714

Exciting 3-bedroom duplex. \$250/month. Close to fire and police stations. No parking. No damage deposit.

DUPLEX. L-shaped living/dining room. O-shaped kitchen. U-shaped bathroom. S-shaped bedrooms. E-shaped terrace. Y-shaped tree in front yard. \$390 mo. Call U.N.H.A.P.P.Y.

O.K. duplex, in O.K. part of town. O.K. layout. Children O.K., pets O.K. Call Kaye. If you can't call tonight, tough. O.K.?

Unfurnished Rooms 728

2 huge rooms and one small room in private home. Guess which one you get for \$100 mo.

1 spacious room in renovated home. \$80 mo.

2 spacious rooms in renovated home. \$150 mo.

3 spacious rooms in renovated home. \$280 mo.

3 spacious rooms and bathroom in renovated home. \$450 mo.

Room&Board 729

Earn your keep by tending well-behaved children. Freddie, 2. Sally, 4. Betsy, 7. Tommy, 21. Call Tommy around noon.

Small room. Don't call if you don't like potatoes, bread or spaghetti. \$35 wk.

Breakfast: Juice, Buttered Toast, Coffee - \$2.95. Lunch: BLT on brown, hold the mayo, Coffee - \$3.95. Dinner: Shepherd's pie, Creamed corn, Jello - \$6.95. Room: Small, B&WTV, Shared bath - \$95 wk. Toothpick. Mint.

Our Boring House

with Major Hoopla



By OSCAR OMARR

Thursday, April 14, 1983

"The wise man controls his Destiny—and sells you yours."

ARIES (March 21-April 19): You'll have reason to commit suicide! A breakdown will occur. Don't bother trying it because a loser like you will not succeed no matter how hard you try.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Watch for the dwarf with one wooden leg in the back alley of 97th Street and 106th Avenue under the green neon sign beside the fire hydrant. Especially if you live in the apartment building on the corner of Jasper Avenue and 109th Street, room 307.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): You are destined to run over an orange and black cat today. Beware of bearded fascist cab drivers.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): If you are born under this disease this week will be a very trying time for you. You will fall into a sewer of rats and littered with the carcasses of other unfortunates who couldn't get out because of the slimy walls. Beware of flash floods.

LEO (July 23-August 22): You will have an irrational fear of diving into a swimming pool full of tarantulas. Beware of big black things with hair.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): Oh boy! The moon is in line with Uranus and Mercury is polarized around a lunar eclipse. Gemini and Cancer are moving parallel to Virgo. Need I say more?

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): You will be shot by a stray bullet from an assassin trying to kill a public official. Don't hang around people named Brady or Raygun.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): Be ready to be unnaturally excited by the sight of a smurf. Don't think about Philadelphia cream cheese. Your dog will have a marvelous bowel movement.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): A transvestite will take your picture to publish in an underground news tabloid today. Later some men in black leather will swing by your place. Don't offend them.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19): You will be badly scared by a nightmare about nuns smearing margarine all over you when you fall asleep on the LRT. Later you will receive communion and be forgiven for wetting your pants in fear.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18): Your Grade Two teacher will hold your family hostage until you write 500 times "I will not sell mom's picture to Penthouse any more."

PISCES (February 19-March 20): A load of rotting fish will fall on you out of a delivery van. Your best polyester leisure suit will be ruined, and both of your friends will disown you.

IF APRIL 13 IS YOUR BIRTHDAY: You are a weaselly little bucket of lard, and have a tendency to pick your nose in public and be rude to everyone, especially those you know. A computer named HAL will lock you out of your house, while a strange Eastern European man plays a violin on your roof. Your hedge will burn without being consumed, and your neighbor Judas will kiss you on the cheek. You will turn into a giant insect. Then, after lunch things start to get weird. A clown named Ronald breaks your McRib. Aliens land and staple your lips together, drink all the beer in your fridge and eat your Reese's Pieces.

Short Term Rentals 730

Rent carries like mortgage. 3-bedroom penthouse suite. All facilities. \$730 mo. plus small downpayment.

Fully air-conditioned 2-bdrm. apt. Self-cleaning stove has 8 burners & extra-large oven suitable for Nazis. Fridge/freezer also makes ice, ice cream and slices meat. Self-starting fans in kitchen when temperature exceeds 30°C. Sunlamp and heatlamp in bathroom. Electric heating throughout. \$240/month. Hydro not included.

1, 2, 3 & 4 bedroom apartments. All facilities. Children welcome. Near public transportation, schools, etc. From \$280. No elevators. Call or drop into our office on the 25th floor.

Blueblood Garden. Enormously large 2-bedroom apartments. A matter of seconds to the park. A matter of minutes to the shops. A matter of money to live here.

Modern 1 bedroom basement apartment with oval office. Running water. Flush toilets. Quiet doors. Straight walls. No bugs. \$230 mo. Call Mr. Nixon or Mr. Reagan.

Attention exercise buffs: 11 mo. sublet. Building has saunas, pool, exercise rooms. Steps to shops, transportation and 1 bedroom penthouse apartment.

Many lovely apartments to rent in beautiful high rise. Rent 1 year, 2 years, 3 years or for as many years as you like. The way I see it, any number of years is too short. Call your future landlord and sign up today.

Harvey Makes Renting A Beautiful Thing. Large 1 bedroom apartments in modern high rise. Fantastic Facilities! 2-year leases. From \$250 mo. Call Harvey at Harvey's Deluxury Apartments.

23 & 231/2 months left on the 23rd floor lots of time left to enjoy 1-bedroom apartment in building with Fantastic Facilities! \$338 mo. Call Zsuzsi at Harvey's Deluxury Apartments immediately.

Same as above, except: (1) Apt. is on 22nd floor. (2) Rent is \$334 mo. (3) My name isn't Zsuzsi. To find out what it is call very soon. Pretty please.

Free month of groceries for you and your loved ones when you show this ad to Debbie & David after you sign lease for our 1-bedroom apartment on 21st fl. of Harvey's Deluxury Apartments. \$330 mo. 23 mos. to go! Fantastic Facilities!

Harvey's Deluxury Apartments are deluxury and I'm getting delirious thinking about the 23 mos. left on lease. \$326 mo. 20th fl. Call Delores de sooner de better. Fantastic Facilities!

1-bedroom apt. on 19th fl. Use of Fantastic (!) swimming pool, sauna, tennis courts and 23 mo. lease. Call Judy, cutie.

Prestige 1-bedroom apartment on 18th floor of Deluxury Apartments building. \$318 mo. Call John, George, Ringo or Paul. Fantastic Facilities!

1-bedroom sublet. 23 mos. 17th fl. Fantastic Facilities! They don't make many like this one. \$314 mo. Call Richard.

Like-new lease. Only used one month. Call Thyra and take it off my hands. 16th fl. \$310 mo. 1 bdrm. Fantastic Facilities!

Experience the highly unusual for almost 2 full years!! Call Stanley on the 15th fl. \$306 mo. 1 bdrm. Fantastic Facilities!

1 month sublet. 5-bedroom apartment. 14th floor. \$200/month. Fantastic Facilities!

23 month sublet. 13th fl. 1-bedroom apt. plus hamster. Phone Mark. \$298 mo. Fantastic Facilities!

23 mo. sublets. 1-bedroom apt. on floors 11-20. Fantastic Facilities! Call Rosa (\$290 mo.), Dalman (\$286 mo.), Craig (\$282 mo.), Jonathan (\$278 mo.), Samantha (\$274 mo.), Michele (\$270 mo.), Roxanne (\$266 mo.), Bernard (\$262 mo.), Homer (\$258 mo.), or Sneed (\$254 mo.).

23 mo. sublet. 1-bedroom apt. 1st floor. \$150 mo. Call Harvey at Harvey's Deluxury Apartments. Fantastic Facilities!

1 & 2 bedroom apartments for rent. Rent higher than last year, lower than next year.

You can't afford this one either.

Furnished Apartments 716

Live life to its fullest. Whoop it up in this basement bachelor apartment for abstainer and non-smoker. Quiet after 10.

Architecturally unique bachelor. B&W kitchen, yellow and orange TV. AM/FM dishes/linen. wall-to-wall parking. Must see. Call Mr. Smith Fred. \$56 wk. and down.

Pty. frshd. apt. 2-bdms. 3-pc. bath. lg. kit., fr. & stove, 2 stnls, stl. snks., lg. bcnry., w-to-w cprg., fl-to-clg drps., prt. entrance, etc. \$320 mo., Phn. Ms. Tree.

Luxury one-bedroom apartment. Extremely large outdoor swimming pool. Sunken living room. Sunken dining room. Sunken kitchen. Sunken bedroom. Very large sunken bathroom. This one will go fast. Apply immediately. Hotel Titanic.

Cave. Fully furnished. Broadroom throughout. Antique furniture. B&W TV. 3 conch shells and a small piece of lapis lazuli.

A new concept in furnished apartments. Self-contained, fully-carpeted bedstending units.

Fully automatic 3-bdrm. apt. Auto. temp controls, auto. fire detectors, auto. appliances, auto. dishwasher, auto. garbage disposal. Parking for your auto. Call Otto. (You really ought to.)

Preview our newly-decorated, newly-furnished, newly-painted 1 & 2 bedroom apartments. Attend the Gala Lease Signing Party afterwards. Black tie.

Luxury rooms. Uptown location. Downstairs dining. 24-hour telephone. In-house movies. Outhouse facilities. Around-the-rear parking. Before-you-move-in lease. \$330/month.

Bachelorettes. Modern, fully furnished, intercom, cable, TV, parking, yoga, judo, self-assertion and consciousness-raising classes. Phone Ms. Atwood. Also: Women in Literature class.

Bachelors. Modern, fully furnished, intercom, cable, TV, parking, yoga, judo, self-assertion and consciousness-raising classes. Phone N. Mailer. Also: Men in Literature class.

Live in Art Palace Apartments. Travel to room in Mies van der Rohe elevators. Stutter into Dada-decorated apartment with DuChamp key. Pay rent with teary-eyed, super-Kean cheques. Enter Blue Period.

Unfurnished Apartments 717

Bachelor sublet. 9 mos. Closet-sized bathroom. Bathroom-sized kitchen. Kitchen-sized living & dining room. No bedroom. \$2500 mo. Call Minnie.

Children welcome. Apartment overlooks charming sewage plant. \$490 mo.

3-bedroom apt. 6 month sublet. 2 baths. Lg. kitchen and living rooms. Seconds to railway station. We won't rest until you call.

The ultimate in luxury. Lavish landscaped surroundings. Doorman. Louis XIII-1/2 antiques in foyer. Micro-wave washers & dryers in laundry room. Indoor tropical gardens with imported eucalyptus and banyan trees. Covered in-ground Royale Boulton swimming pool. Closets start at \$980 mo. and are nice, too. Buzz lzy for appointment.

Convenience Bachelor. Living room, bedroom, kitchen combined. 3 pc. bath-closet combo. \$250 mo. On roof of older apt. complex. Call Chuck after 4.

Wanna live downtown??? That's where we are!! Space saving studio. Bedroom, kitchen & closet all in one! 3-pc. bath off closet. \$250 mo. in basement of older apt. complex. Call Chuck after 4.

2-bedroom apartment. All facilities. No pets. No children. No parties. No calls.

Apt. 1205 is up for grabs.

Unique Jr. 1-bedroom. Kitchen-living room-dining room-closet combination. 3-pc. bath in bedroom. \$300 mo. In rear of older apt. complex. Call Chuck after 4.

Bobo the Clown hands out free goldfish and balloons to you and the kiddies when you visit this all-new modern adult apt. building.

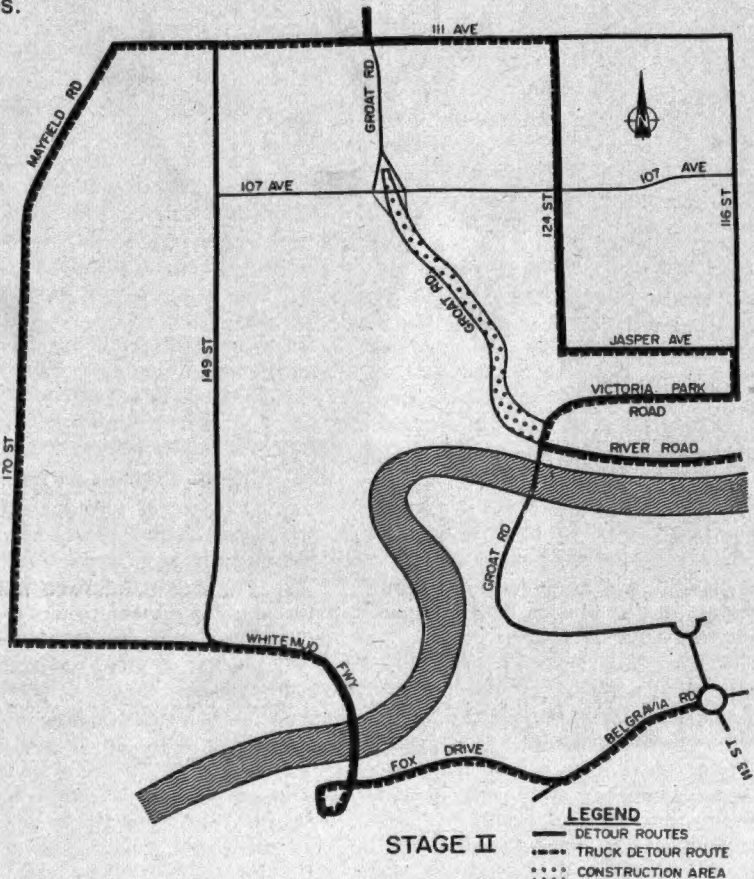
GROAT RECONSTRUCTION

Stage II Closure Starts Monday, April 25

Groat Road, from 107 Avenue to River Road will be closed to all traffic from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Monday to Friday. Groat Road will be open to one lane of traffic in each direction at all other times.

The City Engineering Department will be rebuilding curbs and the centre median from April 25 to June 15.

To reduce traffic delays, motorists are encouraged to use alternate routes.



north/south
116 Street, 124 Street, 149 Street, 170 Street Whitemud Freeway
east/west
107 Avenue, 111 Avenue, Fox Drive, Belgravia Road, Yellowhead Trail



For more information on Groat Reconstruction, contact Traffic Engineering at 428-4126.

(after exams)

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Advanced Course Includes:

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- 2) Blues guitar
- 3) Lead guitar
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- 5) Open tunings
- 6) Flat picking Styles
- 7) Learn to Jam

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Monday to Friday 9:00 a.m. - 8:00 p.m.

TEAR OUT THIS AD



Sweating

Star of the sticks

Berry
Wesgateway

I NEVER WANTED to write a sports column.

Quite frankly, I know nothing about sports. But life takes some funny turns.

A few months ago Steve Exhume was taking Sweet 'n Lois Aspartame down into the basement for a few giggles. He was looking for the darkest, farthest, most hidden corner.

Sure enough he bumped into my desk.

Steve was a big fan of my city column when he was a boy and seemed quite excited about my still being alive.

Sweet 'n Lois called me a smelly old degenerate and took a powder which left Steve and me to talk about the old days, the days when the *Journal* was young and green.

A couple of hours and bottles of rye later, good ol' Steve tells me to pack up my things and get out of the basement because I'm writing a column again.

I was kinda hoping for Junior Journal but that was taken. In fact, it seemed nobody had an opening for an opinionated, obnoxious windbag.

Then Terry Jonestown jumped to the *Edmonton Sun*.

SO NOW I'M A sports writer. Unfortunately, Ray Turkey snagged Jonestown's desk so I'm still in the basement.

But I've got a late model Dumont to watch the games on, a stack of the *Hockey News* from 1972 to 75, and another bottle of rye.

Yup, I'm a sports writer.

IT ALL GOT ME to thinking about what funny turns some other lives have taken to get to the sports pages.

For instance, Glen Sather never thought he would make it to the sports pages as a coach.

He never did as a player.

Glen's plan was to retire young while he still had his boyish good looks and become a male prostitute.

He had even staked out a piece of turf on Yonge Street in Toronto only a few blocks away from Maple Leaf Gardens.

Then one day a disfiguring cut to his lip ended the commercial possibilities of Sather's kisser. All of a sudden he had a face only a real mother could love.

Thankfully, Peter Pocklington has always been a man's man with a strong sense of honor and loyalty.

Recognizing Sather's ability to wheel and deal (and sharing a common interest in photography), Pocklington made Sather top man of the Oilers.

It all worked out for the best, although the Oilers are still a bit shy of bodily contact.

THAT'S HOW IT GOES sometimes. Myself, I still think I could have made it to the sports pages as a rugby player if my knees held up.

As it is, though, I'm pretty happy here in the basement.

By MARVEY KNACKERS
Journal Stuff Writer

"Well, heck, it's the greatest job in the whole world isn't it?"

And nobody is going to convince Rickey Muklukchuck of anything else.

Rickey, 11, sweats with pride when he tells you about being an Edmonton Oiler stick boy and an integral cog in their Stanley Cup bound machine.

"Well, sure, like I'm not as important as Wayne Gretzky (an Oiler forward) but they traded Laurie Boschman and kept me, eh. I think that tells you something doesn't it?"

His numerous vital duties keep young Rickey busier than a goal judge behind Grant Fuhr. While the Oilers are in the dressing room, be it a game or just a practice, the lucky local lad is literally bouncing from player to player as they get the things they need, tape, skate laces, chewing gum or just a mouthful of water and a place to spit.

Then, while the Oilers are toiling on the ice, Rickey is working just as hard back in the dressing room. Sweaty jocks leave behind enough sweaty socks et al to fill several laundry hampers.

"Ya, well one time Mark Messier and a couple of the guys tied and gagged me with some of the old socks and stuff and dumped me in the laundry hamper. Cause I couldn't say nothing, the other stick boys didn't know I was there and just filled the hamper with the jocks and stuff. It smelled real bad at first but over the course of the evening I got used to it. Normally though, the team and I don't have time for playing hi-jinks that, heck, even that time I nearly got fired for not cleaning up the room."

Ironically, this plucky, pee-wee, puck-chaser's duties do not include anything to do with the sticks. "Well, ya, it surprised me at first too, but, like hockey players are real fussy about their sticks. Especially Paul Coffey. The first day I was here I picked up one of his sticks off the floor and leaned it against the locker. He was coming out of the shower and when he saw me he just started screaming. 'You've ruined it, you little fudging woof.' He was right too, cause when he hit me over the head with it, it broke just like nothing. Now I just stick to my job; cleaning up the shower and the can after these guys keeps you busy enough anyway."

When you are as important as "Ready Rickey" is to the Oilers, you are treated like one of the team. Although he does not get on the ice, the fresh faced fighter is one of the guys and is always eager to talk about the day he became an "official" Oiler.

"Fogey grabbed me and said it was time for me to join the ranks. Then he and the rest

of the guys tied me to the weight bench. Well, then Fogey said that you gotta get shaved to be in the NHL but I told him I didn't need to shave yet. Then he pulled down my pants and said I was right and everybody laughed. We have laughs like that all the time."

Of course Rickey is not the only Oiler stick boy. There are also Rimjob Grabmahashi, 10, and a new boy, 21 year old Donny Millar, called "Pack" and "Hack" respectively. But when the players talk about Rickey, you feel he is their favorite.

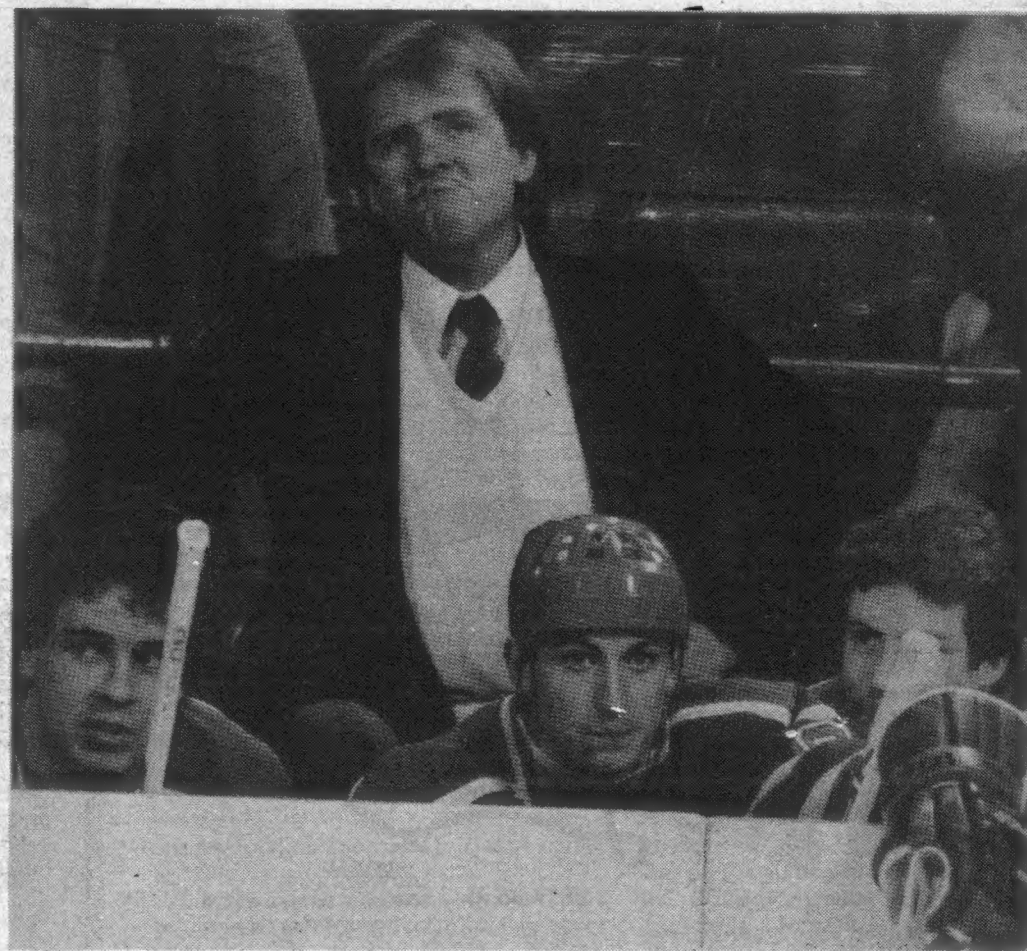
"Rickey, ya, he's good," smiles Kevin Lowe. "He comes when you call him and he doesn't give ya no guff."

"Hey, for a runt not bigger than my goal

pad he does a heck of a job," said Andy Moog. "He's a cute kid although he still smells funny from the time we left him in the laundry hamper."

"Ah, he ain't so tough, he got me with a lucky punch. I'd like to see him pull stuff like that in our building. I'll clobber him," said Dave Semenko, his wry, subtle sense of humor coming through.

Rickey knows how lucky he is to be with Edmonton's favorite hockey sons. He is grateful for this opportunity to learn responsibility and class from a great bunch of pals. As Rickey says, "I can't wait until I grow up and am big and strong and I can show these guys what I've learned."



Oilers suck a lemon

Will this season sour on Glen Sather and the Edmonton Oilers?

Eskimos' drug debacle dawning—
defensive dooper Dave dying

By CAM COLESLAW
Journal Fluff Writer

Did the Edmonton Eskimos win five successive Grey Cups on talent, effort, determination and courage?

Or was there a darker, more sinister reason?

Monday, when Defensive lineman Dave Fennel entered the Misericordia Hospital as a victim of a massive drug overdose the lid blew off of a powder keg of accusation, denial, admission and speculation.

At least five other members of the defensive team alone have admitted to regular drug use over the past five seasons.

Another four members of the offensive team are confirmed dopers. It is rumored that over half the team may have used drugs on a more than incidental basis.

The drug in question is best known by its street name, Midol. Midol is ostensibly used as an anti-cramping agent and therefore most professional athletes are tempted to try the drug, which is usually ingested in pill form.

But Midol is a habit-forming drug and most users find it necessary to take the drug

on a regular basis. Dependency follows soon afterwards.

That the strong stalwart corps of what heretofore had been considered the greatest team in CFL history could be beaten and mastered by a little white pill is itself a bitter pill for their fans to suffer.

No one, however, will suffer more than those players who careers and even lives have been ruined by Midol dependency.

Defensive back Larry Highbaugh says he first tried Midol during training camp in 1977. "We all came to camp really bummed out 'cause of losing the Grey Cup to Montreal the year before. I'd been really down and came to camp out of shape, so I was having real bad problems with cramping. One of the guys, he's not with the team now and I'm not going to name him, said to try a little Midol. I tried it and I guess it helped. I really can't remember; I can't remember much of anything that has happened since then."

Midol destroys healthy young minds starting with the memory. Addicts also become flighty, irresponsible, capricious. They giggle a lot. Strangely, even though

their bodies are soon to collapse along with their minds, Midol users become obsessed with their appearance and dress.

"I was earning a hundred grand a year not counting playoff money" said an Eskimo who wished to remain anonymous, "but what I didn't spend on Midol I spent on clothes. Then I started trying to lose weight. That's when I lost my ability to play football."

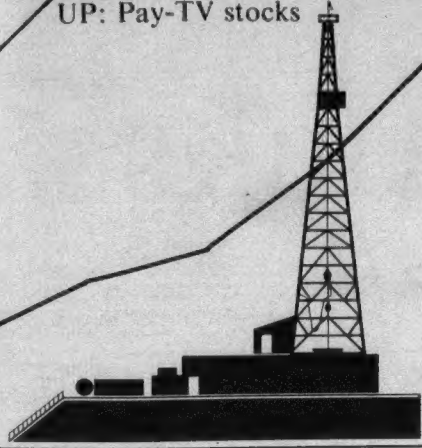
As of this writing Dave Fennel is in a coma. There is no indication when or if he will recover. But as we grieve for him and the other Eskimos who succumbed a chemical crutch we must also face a more chilling possibility.

How could the Eskimo's have ever won five games, let alone five Grey Cups with such a massive drug problem? What if Edmonton won only because their drug problem was the league's SMALLEST. CFL commissioner Jake Gauder should order an immediate investigation into Midol abuse. Only when we are sure that our players are performing like men and not like doped up wimps can we be proud to be Canadian football fans.

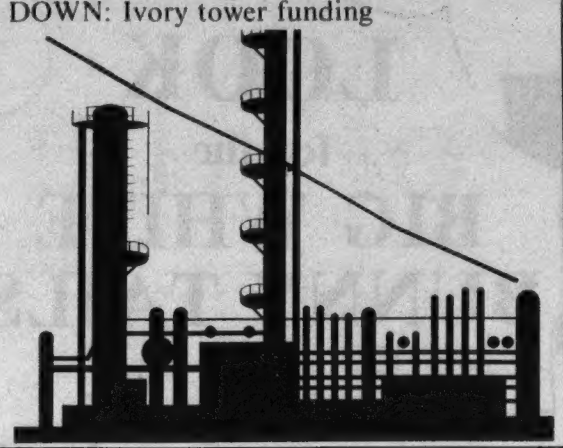
Trendies

Week's
Watch

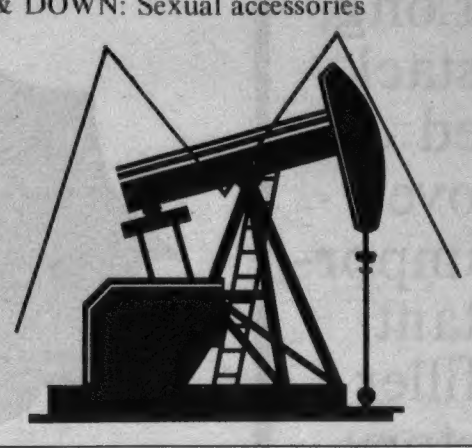
UP: Pay-TV stocks



DOWN: Ivory tower funding



UP & DOWN: Sexual accessories



EDITOR: DUMB BELL

University of Alberta up for sale

By TOY CROOK
Journal Staff Writer

"The University of Alberta is for sale," said President Myer Horowitz, after learning that the campus had become a victim of the nickel and sixpence philosophy of the federal and provincial governments.

"We'll have to cut back drastically—at least one Faculty," he responded in answer to questions on potential new sources of funding.

"It's absolutely ridiculous! We are just entering a logarithmic growth phase, and our Malthusian rulers limit us to arithmetic increments in funding. I say, sell the damn place; it's a solid investment opportunity for the right buyer," said Horowitz.

The Journal's research department, headed up by local statisti-

cian and econometrician Grin N. Barrett, agrees with Horowitz's assessment of the University's value.

On the asset side of the balance sheet, it is clear that capital funding can be anticipated to increase steadily into the future, as more and more campus buildings are renovated, replaced, or removed. Cash flow is provided by government agencies and tax-dodging corporations, and to date there is no indication that these sources are in danger of being compromised.

In an astute display of business acumen, University officials have managed to spend all the capital funds as quickly as they have been received. This creates the need for further funding, and guarantees the continuance of such

funding.

"It is clear that the management strategy if maintained at present levels, will guarantee future owners a reliable, and lucrative supply of capital funds," explained Business drop-out Barrett.

The land occupied by the present campus, developed as it is, remains a major asset, and provides new owners an opportunity to create at least five more condominium complexes on the river valley.

In addition, there is an opportunity to expand the horizons currently available, and to create one's own skyline. Given the unlimited capital funding available, a developer could have a field day.

On the liability side of the balance sheet, there is the minor problem of underfunding the

academic salaries and pensions. This problem, however, is superficial, and resolved by refusing to pay any faculty member over fifty years of age, or any person who has not slept with a Conservative. The savings will amount to more than ten million dollars in deferred pensions alone, and will provide sufficient cash flow to fund any slight increases that may occur in the utilities portion of the budget.

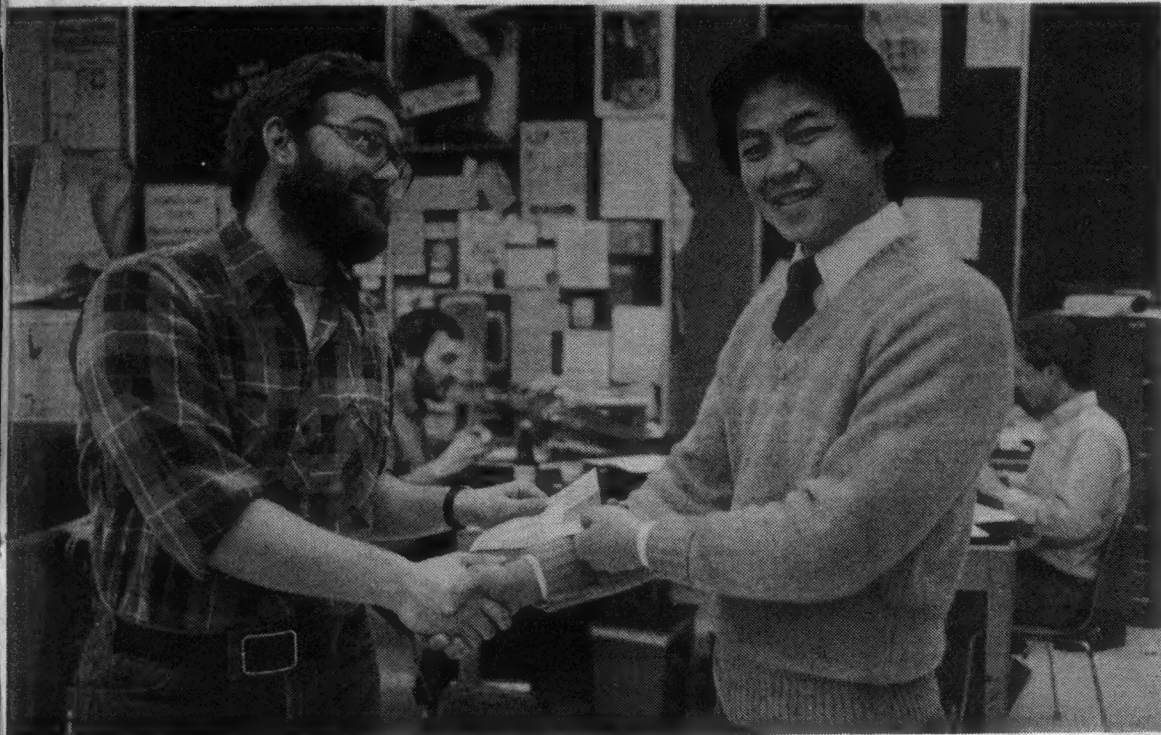
The principal assets of the University, however, are the students who willingly pay vast sums of money for no good reason.

Previous experience indicates that students are the only group that agree to pay more fees to make up for reduced enrolments (and thus cover the University's deficit in tuition fees). They also agree to pay higher fees for increased services required because of in-

creased enrolments and higher demand.

To date, there is no evidence that the ability of students to pay out money under these conditions is limited. In fact, University students show an exceptional ability to find funds to pay for everything except sex; it's free on campus, as everyone knows. The endless potential for deriving profits and maximizing cash flow from students appears at present to mimic the conditions noted for the capital budget.

So if you're in the mood for a good deal on a campus, or want to control your very own research park, call Myer at 432-3212. Prime location in Garneau, excellent asset base, superior growth potential. Asking 500 million. It's a steal at half the price.



Reader of the Month

Journal Editor Stephen Exhume (right) hands subscriber John Wayward a cheque for \$200.00. Mr. Wayward gets the award for reading every article in the Journal last month. Mr. Wayward, unemployed, says he really looks forward to the Grub section.

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NEWSLETTER

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OTTAWA (CPCML) — The Kent Commission on newspapers has released a second set of recommendations.

Though less basic than the earlier recommendations, this new set are equally controversial and could have a profound effect on how Canadians perceive and experience the press.

The recommendations include:

- Puppies and bad doggies should be disciplined with a rolled up newspaper of tabloid size, preferably no more than 92 pages thick. Broad sheets are preferable for paper training.

- Newspapers that heavily use color photographs and screens should not be used for wrapping fish and chips. Southam papers should never be used for wrapping fish of any kind as they impart a bad smell to the fish.

- Cartoon strips clipped out of newspapers and posted on office bulletin boards or home refrigerators should never be sealed in plastic or in any way prevented from yellowing and curling up at the edges.

- Vagrants and other displaced people temporarily lacking shelter and sleeping on park benches should not place newspapers over themselves in such a way as they are likely to be blown off by the wind. If newspapers are used for warmth they should be placed under one's garments.

- People should refrain from reading long ridiculously thin columns or "filler stories" particularly if they contain long words that have to be separated, such as persnickity, homolinguistic, and super-califragilisticexpian-tidisestablishmentarian.

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